

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



IN SEARCH OF EVIDENCE.

WITHOUT INTENDING IT;

OR, JOHN TINCROFT, BACHELOR AND BENEDICT.

CHAPTER XVI.—WHO'S WHO?

It was not true, had John Tincroft even said it as well as thought it, that all his Oxford legal adviser wanted with him was to extract another consultation fee from his scantily filled purse. A new light had broken in upon the lawyer by some means or other, which he honestly thought might turn to his client's

advantage. But to accomplish this end, a personal conference seemed needful. There might be a little touch of self-importance in this idea, supposing that a written communication would have answered the purpose. But then, no doubt, Mr. Roundhand knew his own business best, and how best to conduct it. But in order to the proper development of our history, it is again necessary to turn over a few leaves of the past.

Not many miles from the pleasant town of Trot-

bury, and on the high road, or one of the by-roads—it does not matter which, for all high roads are rapidly becoming by-roads, unless they are railroads—but on one of these roads to a celebrated and ancient seaport not so many miles away, and on the outskirts of a rather large village, stands, or stood in the times of our story, an old-fashioned house of considerable dimensions, and, at that time, very much out of repair. At a former period it had been the mansion-house of a prosperous family, which, however, had all but died out, leaving only a name to the partially dilapidated building. For some years, Tincroft House, as it was called, and to which was attached some landed property, in those days of prosperity far more extensive, had been uninhabited and in chancery.

The last inhabitant and owner of the house was a crusty old bachelor, who died intestate. On inquiry being made by the proper authorities for the heir of the estate, it was found that there were two, and only two, distant collateral branches of the once great and widespread family. These were the Tincrofts of Yorkshire, and the Tincrofts of Sussex. The representative of the first of these was a manufacturer of woollens, a reputedly rich man, but with a numerous family, to whom the windfall of a diminished estate would be a welcome enough addition to his possessions: a nice little thing for a younger son, at all events. The head of the other branch was a gentleman of small means in the Weald of Sussex, who lived a retired life, and, being of a contemplative and studious turn of mind, cultivated letters, partly for the love and partly for the gain of them. The gains were not very great, but they were sufficient to enable him to hold up his head a little higher in the world than otherwise he could have done. This gentleman was a widower with an only son, at the time when Tincroft House was sent begging, as it were, for a new owner. This only son was but two or three years old, and was the John Tincroft of our history.

It took a long time to prove that the Sussex Tincrofts were a shade nearer in relationship to the intestate than the Yorkshire Tincrofts. And before this was established, as it eventually was, the estate had been thrown into chancery, and the Sussex claimant was dead, leaving his boy, as we have before explained, with a chancery suit, and money in the funds to no large amount, in the guardianship of a distant relative, Mr. Rackstraw, who was a London merchant. Of the boy's subsequent up-bringing enough has already been written.

It may be supposed that the way would now have been clear for the guardian of John Tincroft to enter into undisputed possession of the property on the orphan boy's behalf. But it was not so. It was necessary next to prove that he was the lineal and legitimate descendant of a certain Ebenezer Tincroft, the head of the Sussex branch, who died some century or more before the suit was commenced, and whose monument, sacred to his memory, as "Armiger," may probably remain on the walls interior of Saddlebrook Church to this day. To prove this right by succession, search had to be made in registers of baptisms, marriages, and burials from that time forward, in the archives of Saddlebrook Church and elsewhere.

For some time these researches, though abundantly tedious and costly, were prosecuted, on the whole successfully, when, all at once, a gap was discovered which seemed to defy legal filling up.

This gap in the line of descent occurred in the case of John Tincroft's own father, who could not be proved ever to have had a proper hereditary right to the name he bore.

Of course he had lived; nobody questioned that; and there were many living who had always known him as Josiah Tincroft, once of Saddlebrook, and then of Leanacre, or Linacre, in the Weald, where he lived till he died. But as to his legal status as the son of his own father, there were none to declare it. Registers were searched in vain to find what was wanted to be found. His own and his father's marriages were duly recorded in that bright book of fate, the marriage register. And so were the two several burials in the darker record, which lay side by side with it in the old worm-eaten, iron-bound, double-locked chest, in the vestry of Saddlebrook Church. Also the baptism of Makepeace Tincroft, the grandfather of our John, was duly recorded in the register devoted to this use. But that of Josiah, who was supposed to have been brought into this world some thirty years before he died, was nowhere to be found. The former investigations, together with this fatal hitch, as it seemed to be, had delayed the chancery suit so long, that from boyhood our John Tincroft, the hapless claimant, had advanced to youth, and from youth to manhood, finding himself much nearer to the end of his fortune than to the fulfilment of his hopes.

Now, the solution of the enigma of the non-appearance of Josiah's name in the baptismal register was, no doubt, easy enough. His father, Makepeace, somewhat early in life, had walked over from Church to Chapel, or—to use the terms then in vogue in that part of the country—from Steeple-house to Meeting-house. In other words, he had become a Dissenter. This might not much have mattered, perhaps, because Dissenters have, and then had, their registers, in connection with their places of worship, as well as Churchmen; and the baptism of an infant or child, though by the hands of an Independent pastor, if duly registered and sworn to, would probably have fulfilled all legal purposes. But, alas! in becoming a Dissenter, Makepeace Tincroft had become a Baptist also; and Baptists do not baptize infants at all.

How then was it to be proved that Josiah Tincroft, as he had always been called, had ever had any legal existence? There was no proof of baptism, which, indeed, had never been administered. *Ergo*, there was no proof that he had ever been properly brought into the world.

Very lately, however, that is, only a week or two before the summons reached John Tincroft from Mr. Roundhand, this lawyer stumbled over a tin box full of old letters, memoranda, and other useless documents once belonging to his old friend Josiah (for John Tincroft's father and Roundhand had been personal friends, which had led to the business being placed in his hands). In turning over these papers, with no expectation of obtaining any help from them, he came upon a slip of parchment very yellow with age, with a "This is to certify" printed in fair German text, as the commencement of a declaration in a lawyer-like written hand, that Josiah Tincroft, the lawful fruit of marriage between Makepeace Tincroft, gentleman, of Saddlebrook, and Susannah his wife, was born on such and such a day in January, in such and such a year, in attestation or corroboration of which the beholder was invited to witness the hands, first of John Batts, the medical attendant, and then of Elizabeth Fould, the nurse, in their respective hand-

writings, the first bold and large and firm, the second crabbed and laboured, but both written with ink much faded by age. The date was some fifty years or more back.

After perusing this venerable document attentively, Mr. Roundhand shut himself up in his private room to study it yet more carefully, and then to forward a copy of it to his counsel, learned in law. There is no need, however, to go further into the pros and cons which were subsequently discussed, except to say that these discussions pointed to the finding out, if possible, whether those attesting witnesses, or one of them, were still living, which was perhaps unlikely; but if not, whether their handwriting could be proved by any other witnesses. The next question was, who should hunt up these witnesses; and John Tincroft was fixed upon as the proper person to go upon this mission, accompanied, however, by Mr. Roundhand's clerk. Therefore it was that John had been hastily summoned to Oxford.

CHAPTER XVII.—AT SADDLEBROOK.

"I DON'T understand it at all, Mr. Roundhand," said Tincroft.

John had not been many hours in Oxford. He had arrived by the Tally-ho late on the preceding evening, had slept at the Mitre, and now, at eleven in the morning, he was seated in the lawyer's private office, listening, with a bewildered air, to that gentleman's explanations. The certificate was in his hand, and he looked at it dubiously as he spoke.

"It all lies in a nutshell," replied the other; "you see, your grandfather chose to—to go out of the ordinary course; in short, he left the Church and joined the Baptists. You knew nothing of this, I dare say."

"Nothing, sir, nothing," protested John, whose notions of the Baptist denomination of Christians, if he had any at all, were jumbled up with some old stories of Munster* riots, and he was evidently anxious to wash his hands of all connection with any more modern professor of what he perhaps supposed to be the same revolutionary principles.

"Just so, Tincroft; of course you knew nothing of your grandfather, who died before you were born; and you could have heard nothing about him, to your knowledge, from your father, who died when you were a mere child. However, it pleased your grandfather to turn Baptist, and so, in consequence, your own father didn't undergo the ceremony, or rite, whichever you please to call it—in his infancy, at any rate."

"Dear me! But my father was a good Christian, and Churchman too; so I have always understood," cried John, in some alarm.

"Oh yes, no doubt. Your grandfather, Makepeace, turned away from, and your father returned to, the Mother Church, as it is called—the real old orthodox, and so forth. But for all that, somehow or other—mind, I don't understand these things, for I am a lawyer, and not a divine—but somehow or other, I fancy, as his name is nowhere in the baptismal register—I fancy that, somehow or other, the rite of Christian baptism was passed over."

"Dear me!" ejaculated John Tincroft, in pious horror.

"And the consequences have been serious enough, as regards your prospects,† Tincroft. However, your

grandfather, it appears, was not so unwise as to have altogether neglected possible contingencies, as that document you hold in your hand goes to prove. The question is, how to make use of it. Now, what you have to do, is to run up to London, and then down to Saddlebrook, and make all the inquiries you can for these two witnesses. You understand?"

"I am not quite sure," responded the collegian, almost more bewildered than at first. "And, at all events," he added, "I am afraid I shall make a poor bungling hand of it."

"No doubt; exactly so," said the lawyer, condescendingly; "and therefore you will not have to go alone. Foster will attend you. A sharp man, Foster. He has been to Saddlebrook on your affairs before, examining registers, and so forth; so he knows how the land lies. All you have to do is to follow his lead."

Greatly relieved by this piece of intelligence, John Tincroft made no further objection to the task imposed on him, and declared himself ready to depart at once. Striking while the iron was thus hot, the lawyer fixed on the next day for the journey; so Tincroft left the office to make arrangements with Barry, the college scout, to occupy the rooms at Jericho on his return, until the end of the vacation. He did not take possession, however; but retained his chamber for another night at the Mitre, where also he dined.

On the following morning, in company with the lawyer's clerk, and furnished with sufficient funds for all necessary expenses by the lawyer himself, to be accounted for thereafter, he took coach for London, on the way to Saddlebrook.

A dull little provincial town was Saddlebrook. It had two or three thousand inhabitants, a corresponding number of houses, one long principal straggling street, a mile in length, a market-green, a parish church, two dissenting chapels, and any quantity of inns and public-houses that the reader may choose to imagine. It was not a manufacturing town, nor strictly a commercial town; though it contained a sufficient quota of shops to supply its inhabitants, and the whole country-side for some miles around, with all the ordinary comforts and luxuries of life to be obtained for money. And it was all the more encouraged in thus being the centre of civilisation (on a small scale) by the surrounding district being richly agricultural and prosperous, and having a large aggregate population scattered about in outlying villages and hamlets.

It was on a coldish autumnal-like (though not yet autumn) evening, that Tincroft and his attendant help from the lawyer's office alighted from the coach-top at the open portals of the George Inn.

"Can't do better than stop here, sir," said the guide, philosopher, and friend. "They keep a good pantry and cellar, and that's a recommendation in these out-of-the-world places," he added.

"Ah, yes; to be sure; you have been here before."

"Haven't I? And a jolly enough place it is, for all it looks so dull. Shall we go in, sir?"

They had not much choice about it, as it seemed to John Tincroft, for the inn porter had already pounced upon the travellers' luggage, and was bearing it off in triumph. Ten minutes later, and the two had taken possession of a private room, and were ordering bed-chambers, a dinner, a bottle of port, and a fire. It was during the discussion of the third item in this catalogue that "mine host of the George" was invited

* Munster in Germany, not in Ireland.

† The reader will please to bear in mind that this story dates back to the time when there was no legal registration of births, as in the present day.

to a conference confidential by the dapper lawyer's clerk, with whom he claimed a previous acquaintance, and who was not going to let the grass grow under their feet, he said.

The information obtained from the innkeeper was very limited. It consisted altogether in negatives. There was no such a medical man in Saddlebrook as John Batts. Of this he was quite sure. He was equally sure that there was no practitioner of that name in the town. There might have been fifty years or more ago, he could not say from his own knowledge; nor was it likely that he could, he himself not having yet arrived at that age of maturity and wisdom. To tell the honest truth, there being no reason why he shouldn't, he wasn't a native of Saddlebrook, and hadn't lived in it over fifteen years; so it was not likely he should know much on the subject. Thus Mr. Bartrum protested.

"At any rate, you will take a glass of wine with us, Mr. Bartrum?" said Foster, who had constituted himself master of the ceremonies, and slipped into that position with professional ease.

Mr. Bartrum accepted the invitation, seating himself at the table meanwhile. And as the port was really good he made no wry faces over it.

The inquisition proceeded. Could Mr. Bartrum refer to any old inhabitant of the town likely to possess the requisite information?

Yes, to be sure: wasn't there old Freeman, the sexton, who was also town crier, and had held those joint offices any time within the memory of man, so to speak, under correction? To say the least, as Mr. Bartrum had heard, he had held them over sixty years. He was an old fellow now, eighty-five or more, people said; but he was as strong as ever in the lungs. "You should hear him cry out his 'O yes! O yes!'" said mine host, admiringly. "Why, he is to be heard from the market-place up to the top of the street, as plain as plain can be. And sometimes he is parish clerk as well, when the proper one is away. And what do you think he did a few Sundays ago, when he was in the desk?"

Mr. Bartrum's hearers did not know, but would be happy to be informed.

"Ha, ha! He, he!" giggled the innkeeper; "I beg pardon, gentlemen, but I can't help laughing when I think of it. It was a hot day, you must know; and the poor old man got drowsy while the sermon was going on. Went off to sleep, in fact; and so, no doubt, he would have slept on all the while the parson's voice was going on over head. But presently there was a sort of stop when the sermon was ended, and this roused the old fellow, who jumped up, forgetting where he was, but fancying he had got something to do in his regular every-day calling, and bawled out at the top of his voice, 'O yes! O yes!' I reckon he won't be parish clerk again in a hurry."

"And you think this old sexton can help us out, Mr. Bartrum?" said Foster, when tribute according had been paid to his anecdote.

"I shouldn't wonder, for he knows about everything and everybody in Saddlebrook; and if he can't tell, I don't know who can."

And about Elizabeth Foold?

Here again was a blank. There was no such person, to his knowledge, in Saddlebrook now, whatever might have been. But then, she being a very humble person (only a nurse, it seemed), Mr. Bartrum could not be expected to know much about it. Old Freeman would be the man, however, to know. Or perhaps

the marriage-book or the burial-book in the church vestry might give some information.

And here, for that night, the subject was dismissed.

CHAPTER XVIII.—HUNTING UP EVIDENCES.

THE old sexton was easily found on the following morning. He was superintending the digging of a grave in the churchyard—his infirmities of age having rendered it necessary to employ a subordinate. He was ready enough, also, to furnish information, so far as his own knowledge extended. But even he, though a very almanack in the past history of Saddlebrook, could not tell all that the young lawyer and his client would have liked to know.

He told them this, however. He remembered the doctor whose name appeared on the document. He remembered him very well; and ah! wasn't he a clever doctor? But he hadn't been able to cure himself—whatever he did for others—of a great swelling that came out of his neck like, just above his collar-bone. People called it "a new schism," or something of that sort. He didn't understand fine names, the old sexton didn't; but he had always looked upon schism as being another name for yeast, and clearly that wasn't what was the matter with the doctor.

"Perhaps it was aneurism," suggested John Tin-croft.

"Like enough, sir; and anyhow, the swelling got bigger, till at last the poor doctor died of a sudden, as he always said he should. There's his tombstone, gentlemen, if you have any curiosity that way," continued the sexton, pointing to one some little distance across the churchyard.

"We may as well look, and make a note of it," said Foster; and they accordingly walked up to the stone, the clerk taking out his note-book and pencil.

"Name—so and so," muttered he, as he copied down the inscription: "date, um—thirty-five years ago; age sixty-nine. Thank you, that will do, friend. Ever married, was he?"

"Married when young, and lost his wife soon after. There's her stone, next his, and that's how I came to know about it."

"Married again, perhaps?"

"No, sir. He wur faithful to his first love, he wur," said the old man, with unction.

"Children, any?"

"Not a chick, sir. And nobody to take his name. His business got sold for what it would fetch, and that and some money he had went, by will, to some far-away cousin. And there was the end of him."

Clearly, there was not much to be made of this information. But a thought suggested itself to Mr. Foster's legal mind. Since property was left behind, and a will for the disposal of it, some lawyer in the town would, in all probability, be acquainted with the late practitioner's signature. And there was the will itself, which told of Doctors' Commons. Making a note of these hints, the adroit clerk turned to the second head of his inquiries—Elizabeth Foold. But here he could obtain no further information than that no family of that name had ever lived in Saddlebrook to the old sexton's knowledge. Certainly none such had ever been buried in the graveyard in his time; and none such had ever been married in Saddlebrook Church, he was pretty sure. But the book would show that, and the book was in the parish clerk's keeping, along with the clergyman and the churchwardens.

Setting this aside for the present, therefore, for further research if necessary, the gentleman from Mr. Roundhand's office placed in the old man's hand a fee, which would perhaps have been larger if the success of his inquiries had been more decided.

It would be tedious and unprofitable to follow our two antiquarians, as we may for the present consider them, in their further researches that day. It will suffice to say that they returned to their late dinner at the George—Mr. Foster rather disgusted with the general stolidity of the inhabitants of Saddlebrook, the more so that his inquiries had, hitherto, produced no palpable result; and John Tincroft thinking he should be much happier with another companion, and wondering how they got on at High Beech farm without him.

The next morning a new light entered the mind of the lawyer's clerk. This Elizabeth Foold, whose name figured as a nurse on the certificate, and of whom no trace or track could yet be discovered—might she not be heard of in the religious community or congregation with which her then employers had been connected? What more natural than that the heads of a dissenting household should engage the services of a dissenting nurse? Now, as we have explained, there were two dissenting chapels in Saddlebrook: one of these, Foster had learned, was the meeting-house of a congregation of the Presbyterian body; the other belonged to the Baptists.

"We'll go and find out the minister of that chapel, to begin with," quoth Mr. Foster, as he and Tincroft sat together at breakfast.

"Should you mind going alone?" asked John, timidly,—with an undefinable dread, perhaps, of coming into personal contact with a live sectarian.

"Oh, that wouldn't do. We must go together, of course. You are my principal, you know, sir; and you have to see that I do my duty by you."

No further opposition being offered, and the address of the minister being easily obtained, the two gentlemen from London, as they were supposed to be, presently proceeded to his house. They found him at home, and were shown into his study—a quiet back room of moderate dimensions, well furnished with book-shelves, and looking out upon a cheerful garden.

After a short delay, the minister appeared, and, very much, probably, to the surprise of John Tincroft, who examined him, with his eyes, narrowly from head to foot, he was so much like a gentleman, that John concluded he must be one, in spite of his being a Dissenter. He was a young man, somewhat to the disappointment of Mr. Foster, who opened the business, however, and was attentively listened to.

"Of course," he said, "I can have no personal remembrance of the persons you name; but possibly the records of our church—"

"Church, too!" thought John within himself. "He calls his meeting-house a church, does he! Rather strong that, I think."

"—may contain some information on the subject. Our church-book dates back at its commencement more than a hundred years. And I have it by me. And also my friend the senior deacon of our church may be able to tell us something. He has been a member more than fifty years. I will send, and ask him to step in. He lives not far off."

A messenger was accordingly despatched; and while waiting for him, the minister took the lead in a conversation which somewhat enlightened our friend John as to the meaning to be attached to the word to

which he had taken mental exception; and this enlightenment reminded him of one of the fundamental Articles of his own Church, which, for the moment, had escaped his memory.

The conversation was broken off by the arrival of the senior deacon, whose grave and gentlemanly appearance once more gave Tincroft a start of surprise. "I shouldn't think the Munster fanatics were anything like these gentlemen," he candidly argued within himself.

Yes, Mr. Cooper (the deacon) remembered Mr. Makepeace Tincroft, though at that time he was a young member, not long having joined the church; and he remembered Mrs. Tincroft too—a most godly woman, whose death, soon after that of her husband, was universally lamented. She was a most devoted, charitable lady; a true Tabitha.

"I don't know why you should give that name to my grandmother, sir," said John, rather nettled for a moment, the more so that he had been warmed up by the other part of the eulogium passed upon her. "I don't see why she should be called nicknames," said he.

"Otherwise Dorcas, who made coats for the poor, and was full of good works and alms deeds, and who was so mourned when she died, that the apostle Peter restored her to life," said the minister quietly and aside to his visitor, whereupon John, recollecting the name, blushed deeply and penitently.

Proceeding in his reminiscences, the senior deacon had some slight remembrance of a young person, once also a member of the church, named Foold. But there his knowledge ended. The church-book, then, was the ultimate resort; and before long these records were found, under their proper dates and headings, such as Name, Residence, When admitted into the church, Date and Cause of separation.

First was Makepeace Tincroft, of whom (omitting the first items and dates) it was written that he "died in the Lord."

Next was Susannah Tincroft, who "died much honoured in life, and greatly lamented in death."

Next, and that most sought for and desired, the name of Elizabeth Foold was found. "A young person of much promise, aged twenty-two; not in permanent residence in Saddlebrook, but in much request in the town and neighbourhood as a nurse, for which she has been trained." Then, in the last column, came this entry:—"Withdrawn. Gone to reside in London."

There was no more to be obtained at Saddlebrook; and so, after another day or two spent in futile inquiries, Mr. Foster and his client, for the time being, turned their backs upon the dull town, enlivened only by the attractions of the George; and in due time arrived at Oxford to report their want of success.

THE GLACIAL DRIFT AT FINCHLEY.

BY HENRY WALKER, F.G.S.

LAST autumn various letters appeared in the newspapers, calling attention to a glacial drift deposit which had been discovered at Finchley, within five or six miles of London. Some railway works at that pretty village had opened the ground for a depth of thirty feet, and had thus brought to light a phenomenon seldom seen so near to the metropolis. Groups of Londoners were seen wending their way

to the spot, armed with pocket-hammers, small tridents, garden-trowels, and other implements; and soon we heard of strange things which had been unearthed in this railway section at Finchley.

But what is glacial drift? Let me endeavour to answer this question before I proceed to describe the particular deposit at Finchley. Perhaps the subject will be made most intelligible by a brief reference to the present physical condition of Greenland, and the glacial action of which that country is now the subject.

In the Greenland of to-day the thick sheet of ice which seals up the country, and is slowly moving downwards towards the sea, is carrying with it confused heaps of fragments of all the various rocks which it has disintegrated and wasted in its passage over them. From the sea-shore, these sweepings of mud, sand, gravel, fossils, and boulders, are being spread out along the sea-bottom, or drifted off on bergs and rafts of ice to be deposited at a still greater distance from the parent formations. Should the climate of Greenland in future years become milder, and the land at the same time be raised to a higher horizon, so as to bring to the surface the drift-loaded sea-bed, we may easily imagine the sight which would present itself. A thick clay, full of boulders and fossils, and other drifted fragments from the rocks lying northwards, would meet the eye. Whenever an excavation should be made in this newly-born land surface, the old sea-bed, full of its drifted glacial deposits, would be revealed to the spectators. Such an arctic period as this, followed by a similar improvement in the climate and elevation of the sea-bed, appears to have formed an episode in the physical history of England; and thus it is that to-day we find a glacial drift forming part of the land surface at Finchley.

In company, then, with a party of some of my fellow-heirs of the Saturday half-holiday, I broke away from town at the early-closing hour of two, to see for myself this Finchley drift. Most of us were brethren of the hammer—members of the persuasion described in Scott's "St. Ronan's Well" as "rinning up hill and down dale, knapping the chunky-stanes to pieces wi' hammers like sae many road-makers run daft—they say 'tis to see how the world was made!" We took to the Metropolitan Railway at Moorgate Street, whence a Great Northern train speedily bore us to King's Cross, and so on to Highgate, where we passed those scraps of coppice that still remain to tell us of the great aboriginal forest of Middlesex. Passing East End, we soon arrive at the Finchley and Hendon Station. Here we find ourselves in an open cutting, fully thirty feet deep. In front of a steep embankment gangs of navvies are working upon a band of blue clay. This blue clay is strikingly different in colour and composition from the surrounding earth. Perhaps it is part of the precious deposit we are in search of.* Let us see if it is really glacial or boulder clay.

At a glance we observe that this blue clay is not the fine homogeneous sediment which tranquil waters deposit upon the sea-bed. On taking up a handful, we find it largely composed of the *débris* of various rocks. Chalk flints and hard chalk pebbles abound. We continue operations with our trowels, and soon, to our delight, we find some fossil shells, in excellent preservation, derived from distant and older rocks. Here, too, are boulders of mountain limestone, and even masses of granite, far astray from the parent

formations. In fact, this mass of clay, at whatever part we examine it, reveals that heterogeneous assemblage of rock *débris* from various distant localities which glaciers and icebergs and floating rafts of ice are known to carry with them as they travel over land or sea.

Geologists are utterly unable to account for such a mixed bed of earth as this at Finchley except by inferring the former action of *travelling ice* on a grand scale. They are now agreed that as Greenland to-day is occupied by glaciers which are gradually ploughing up the rocks beneath them, and mixing the fragments together, so has England had its arctic period of similar glaciation. They find, too, that our island has been submerged in an icy sea for at least a depth of 1,500 feet, marine shells of an arctic species being found in the glacial deposits at this elevation. So near to London as Hertfordshire the boulder clay is still found on the East Anglian range as high as 520 feet. In this glacial period of English history, the mountains and lofty hills of our land became as—

"Polar docks, where Nature slips
From the ways her icy ships;"

and we can imagine how at this time glaciers, icebergs, and ice-rafts would redistribute the surface-rock constituents of the country.

But what of the fossils which we found at Finchley in the glacial drift? Well, here is the list of some we obtained by groping with our hands in the blue and unctuous earth, and squeezing out any hard substance we felt within it:—1. Some small but beautiful *ammonites* drifted hither from the chalk and oolite formations of the midland and northern counties. Several of these were in perfect preservation, and retained the iridescence they possessed in life, although we found them buried some thirty feet down in the earth. How long had they been in their subterranean prison-house? 2. *Belemnites*, or dart-stones. The schoolboys who stood around us called them thunderbolts.* 3. *Gryphenas*. The incurved shells of these creatures were the most numerous of the fossils we found at Finchley. *Gryphea dilatata* was also plentiful, but the hook-nosed, griffin-like variety was the most abundant. In addition to these organic remains, we obtained inorganic rock specimens from almost all the formations lying between the London clay and the granite inclusive.

Doubtless we might have obtained many more *souvenirs* from the Finchley drift, but the shades of evening were upon us, and had we not already spent our Saturday half-holiday to advantage? The train came steaming up from Edgware to take us homeward, and each of our party got into the carriage richly freighted with spoil. Rarely has there been so fossiliferous a section as this exposed so near to the metropolis, and those Londoners who have not yet been to the spot should take the opportunity whilst it remains. The same glacial formation, it should be said, is exposed at the Manor Brickfield, Finchley, and also at Whetstone, but the section we have described at the Finchley railway station is incomparably the best. From Moorgate Street and Ludgate Hill the visitor may enjoy in a Great Northern train a short ride to Finchley without change of carriage.

* For popular illustrations of *ammonites* and *belemnites* see Dr. Buckland's "Bridgewater Treatise," and Mantell's "Medals of Creation."

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

THE restored health of Mr. Bright, in which all classes of the community unfeignedly rejoice, and his expected return to public life on the opening of the parliamentary session, afford a fit occasion to lay before our readers the main events of his distinguished political career.

John Bright was born at his father's residence, named Greenbank, near Rochdale, on the 16th November, 1811. His father, Mr. Jacob Bright, a member of the Society of Friends, had raised himself from the ranks to the position of an opulent master cotton-spinner, and in Rochdale enjoyed a well-earned reputation for energy and shrewdness. The inhabitants of Rochdale are noted for their sagacity and forethought; and the town has the merit of being the birthplace and metropolis of co-operative effort in England. Mr. Jacob Bright built first one factory and then another on the verge of the common called Cronkeyshaw. These, with other buildings since erected, now known as Field House factories, belong to his sons—partners in the firm of "John Bright and Brothers." Mr. Jacob Bright the elder retired from business in 1839, and, attaining to a good old age, lived to see the rising political eminence of his son. The house in which John Bright was born stands, with its back to the old factory, in a garden—the garden surrounded by a green meadow. Mr. Bright's residence, One Ash, near Rochdale, commands a fine view of the Yorkshire hills. His brother, Mr. Jacob Bright, represents Manchester in Parliament, and was elected in 1856 the first mayor of his native borough. John Bright was the second of ten children—the eldest of whom died young—and in his earlier years his own feeble health was a constant source of anxiety to his parents. The first school he attended was taught by a Mr. Littlewood in Rochdale; afterwards he was placed at the academy at Ackworth belonging to the Society of Friends; from which again he went to a similar seminary in the city of York. His health being still unsatisfactory, he was sent for fresh air and exercise to Newton-in-Bollard, where his education was conducted by a tutor. Invigorated by rambles on the breezy uplands of that part of Yorkshire, he returned to Rochdale, and at an early age took part in his father's industry. A fact connected with this period of Mr. Bright's life, and which possesses a biographical interest, was stated by himself in 1847 in the House of Commons, during a discussion on the Factory Bill. "For myself," he said, "I have never been at school since I was fifteen years of age. It is true there are, no doubt, many things which honourable members know or learn by remaining at college until they are twenty or twenty-one, of which I am ignorant; but still, I consider my own case to be in some degree a proof that a man may get some education by remaining at school until he is only fifteen."

In 1832, the year in which Mr. Bright attained his majority, the first Reform Bill was passed. His first public appearance dates from the period of agitation immediately preceding. It is a fact that he did when a youth of twenty address his fellow-townsmen in favour of reform. Rochdale until 1832 was one of the populous towns unrepresented in Parliament. There is also a story on record that in the following year, with some other young men of Rochdale, at a village called Castle-lane-head, Mr. Bright held a

public meeting and discussed the temperance question. In 1835 he went on a tour to Palestine by way of Gibraltar, Malta, and Egypt. Jerusalem and other famous places in the Holy Land were visited by him, also Smyrna, Constantinople, and Athens. He returned home through Italy, France, and Belgium. It is remarkable that in that year (1835) Mr. Cobden was also journeying on the continent, and his first acquaintance with the name of his future fellow-labourer and friend was made at Athens, which Mr. Bright had quitted before his arrival. The first time Mr. Cobden met Mr. Bright, it is said, was when the latter walked one day into his warehouse in Moseley Street, Manchester, and asked him to address an educational meeting at Rochdale. Mr. Cobden consented, and Mr. Bright also made a short speech, which so struck Mr. Cobden that he requested him to speak as often as his engagements permitted in favour of a repeal of the Corn Laws.

On his return from the East, Mr. Bright delivered a course of lectures descriptive of his travels, at the Literary Institution, Rochdale, which he had before assisted to establish. He lectured also on the Influence of Commerce on Civilisation, on the Theory of Wages, on Steam Communication with America, and other subjects relating to industrialism and political economy. He took part about this time in one of those violent church-rate contests for which Rochdale had long been celebrated. The education and welfare of his own workpeople also largely engaged his attention. And here we may quote what he subsequently had occasion to say on this subject in the House of Commons. "In the factory with which I am connected, we have a large infant school, together with a reading-room and news-room, and a school for adults, where the workmen attend after working hours. We have also a person employed, at a very considerable expense, who devotes his whole time to investigate the concerns of the workmen, and who is a kind of missionary among them. Not a few hundred pounds per annum are expended in promoting in this manner the interests of the workmen; and this, too, wholly independent of any act of the legislature." At the time referred to, the workpeople employed in the factories of Messrs. Bright were not far short of one thousand. Another establishment belonging to the firm is located in Manchester.

It was some considerable time before Mr. Bright ventured to speak in public beyond Rochdale or the neighbouring villages. His name was, however, well known in his own circle as that of a sturdy and energetic young Radical. In 1838, the Manchester Anti-Corn-Law Association was formed, with the name of John Bright, of Rochdale, standing second on the list of its first committee. This association was afterwards merged into the more celebrated Anti-Corn-Law League. Among the early contributors to its funds we find appearing the firm of Jacob Bright and Son for £300. One who heard Mr. Bright in the first stage of his career as a speaker address a village meeting on the subject of the Corn Laws, thus reports his impressions:—"He was dressed in black, and his coat was of that peculiar cut considered by the worthy disciples of George Fox as a standing protest against the fashions of the world. The lecturer was young, square-built, and muscular, with

a broad face and forehead, with a fresh complexion, with mild blue eyes, like those of the late Russian Emperor Nicholas, but, nevertheless, with a general expression quite sufficiently decided and severe. As an orator the man did not shine. His voice was good, though somewhat harsh; his manner was awkward, as is the custom of the country; and the sentences came out of his mouth loose, naked, and ill-formed. He was not master of the situation, yet he wanted not confidence, nor matter, nor words. Practice, it was clear, was all he required. The orator felt this himself. He told his audience he was learning to speak upon the question, and that he would succeed in time." Mr. Bright did succeed in learning to speak on the subject of the Corn Laws. In November, 1839, a public dinner was given at Bolton to Mr. Paulton, who had conducted a successful agitation in Scotland. This occasion is interesting as being the first on which Cobden and Bright together addressed a meeting on the question of Free Trade. Mr. Prentice, the historian of the Anti-Corn Law League, in referring to this occasion, speaks of Mr. John Bright, of Rochdale, as "a young man then appearing for almost the first time in any meeting out of his own town, and giving evidence by his energy, and by his grasp of the subject, of his capacity soon to take a leading part in the great agitation." Bright, however, did not become conspicuous as a free-trade orator with the country generally until the League adopted the policy of sending forth its leading members, in addition to professional lecturers, to address public meetings.

At an assembly of delegates held at the Crown and Anchor tavern, in the Strand, in February, 1842, he made a speech of great power and effect; and from that time stood forth among the first leaders of the movement. In the same year, on the occasion of a deputation to Lord Ripon and Mr. Gladstone, President and Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Bright first met the present premier. Mr. Gladstone was then a rising member of a Tory administration, and Mr. Bright what might be termed an ultra-Radical. It is a remarkable illustration of the shifting character of political relationships, and of the onward course of opinion, that twenty-six years afterwards Mr. Bright accepted office as President of the Board of Trade, and became a member of a cabinet headed by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Cobden found a seat in the House of Commons for Stockport in 1841, and two years later Mr. Bright was returned for Durham. He represented Durham for four years, from July 1843 to July 1847. It was in August 1843, about a month after his entrance into the House, that he delivered his maiden speech in support of Mr. Ewart's motion for the reduction of import duties. The discussion was a short one in a thin house, and the new member spoke to the smallest audience he had addressed for years. At first somewhat nervous, he gained confidence as he went on, and impressed his hearers with the notion that no regard for parliamentary etiquette would hamper the unreserved and forcible expression of his honest convictions.

At a great meeting of the anti-slavery society, held in Exeter Hall in 1844, Mr. Bright advocated the application of free trade even to the sugar question, and opposed the imposition of a protective duty on slave-grown sugar. In 1845 he obtained the appointment of a committee of the House of Commons on the Game Laws, which printed its evidence

without a report in 1846. An abridgment of the evidence, with an address by Mr. Bright to the tenant farmers of Great Britain, was published at his expense in the same year. He obtained also, at a later period, a select committee on the cultivation of cotton in India, a subject in which he has taken a deep interest. The result of its labours was issued in a huge blue-book, which was frequently referred to in the discussions on this important question.

We have not thought it necessary to follow the progress of the anti-corn-law agitation, in which Mr. Bright so largely shared. It may, however, be stated, as a proof of his high sense of duty in the cause, that when he accompanied to Leamington his first and dying wife (Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Jonathan Priestman, Esq., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, whom he married in 1839, and whom he lost in 1841), he delivered anti-corn-law lectures in the neighbourhood, and endeavoured to win over the Warwickshire farmers to a conviction of the agricultural benefits to be derived from free trade. Mr. Bright married a second time in 1847—a daughter of William Leatham, Esq., of Wakefield, by whom he has several children.

The repeal of the corn laws was carried by the Government of Sir Robert Peel in 1846. The conduct of Sir Robert, so strongly condemned by his former supporters, was warmly approved and eulogised by Mr. Bright in the House of Commons. In the general election of 1847 our free-trade orator had the distinction of being returned as the colleague of Mr. Milner Gibson in the representation of Manchester. He was again returned at next general election in 1852, and continued to represent Manchester until the dissolution of Parliament in 1857.

Financial reform and national arbitration were the topics to which the champions of the League directed public attention after the repeal of the corn laws. The cry of peace and retrenchment, however, met with small response from the country, and no direct result attended the efforts of Messrs. Cobden and Bright in their new agitation.

Soon after the formation of Lord Palmerston's Ministry in 1855, Mr. Bright was compelled by ill-health to seek repose and change of scene on the continent. Lord Palmerston, defeated on the question of the war with China, appealed to the country in 1857. Mr. Bright was then sojourning in Italy, and Mr. Cobden advocated his cause with the electors of Manchester. On that occasion Mr. Cobden referred to the warm and affectionate intimacy which existed between them. "I don't believe," he said, "that there is a view, thought, or aspiration in the mind of either of us that the other is not acquainted with." "I have seen in Mr. Bright," he further added, "an ability and an eloquence to which I have no pretensions, and I hope that he, being seven or eight years younger than myself, will be advocating principles, and advocating them successfully, when I am no longer on the scene of duty." It may be remembered that on the day after the death of Mr. Cobden, which occurred on the 2nd of April, 1865, Mr. Bright, in the House of Commons, made a brief and touching reference to the event, and characterised his friend, after a brotherly intercourse of twenty years, as the manliest and gentlest spirit that ever tenanted a human form. Mr. Bright's opposition to the Russian war, and his well-known sentiments on the war with China, made him so unpopular that he was rejected by the electors of Manchester. In August of the

same year, however, on the death of Mr. Muntz, he was returned for Birmingham, which he has since continued to represent.

The corn-law agitation, which called Mr. Bright to

The object of the League at last accomplished, its orator might have felt that his occupation was gone; but his success as an agitator had made him a legislator, and as a member of Parliament he was brought



John Bright

After a photograph published by the London Stereoscopic Company.]

the arena of public life, cannot be said in its origin to have had any political object. It was outside the range of party, and was promoted by men whose only desire was to remove an obstruction to the trade of the country and the well-being of the people.

face to face with the political questions of the time. Very numerous and varied are the questions of public policy with which he has grappled. His speeches—finished and elaborate, full of information, and marked by mature thought—on the great subjects of

India, Canada, America, Ireland, the Russian war, Reform, and Education, revised by himself and published, deserve studious attention. The value of these speeches will perhaps be in some respect accounted for in words of his own. "So far as I have been able," he said, "to examine myself during the thirty years that I have been permitted to speak at meetings of my countrymen, I am not conscious that I ever used an argument which I did not believe to be sound, or have stated anything as a fact which I did not believe to be true. I have endeavoured, further, always to abstain from speaking on subjects which I had not examined and well considered, and perhaps it is because I have endeavoured to attend to these rules that what I have said has met with some acceptance, and perhaps in some quarters has been influential in the country."

Mr. Bright's speeches rank high, not only as embodying political wisdom, but as specimens of British oratory, and give evidence of his mastery of the art of public speaking, of his command of the resources of our Saxon speech, and of his cultured acquaintance with English literature.

On the second reading of the Bill for the Abolition of the East India Company, Mr. Bright delivered a weighty and comprehensive address, embodying his views on the best mode of governing our vast Indian dependencies. On his own behalf he propounded a plan of parliamentary reform, and expounded it in most of the large towns of the kingdom. And more recently, as all will remember, he devised a scheme for the pacification of Ireland. We allude to these positive efforts of Mr. Bright's constructive statesmanship, because he has mainly distinguished himself as an assailant of what appeared to him as evils in existing institutions, and in government and policy. The great features of Mr. Bright's political character and conduct have been very happily summed up by a writer in the "Edinburgh Review." "An ardent love of liberty, a scorn of oppression and oppressors, a sympathy with the struggling and the depressed, a disdain of old privilege, and a burning desire to see his countrymen ruled with a single regard to reason and justice,—these have been the mainspring of all his convictions and utterances on political questions; and although they frequently have carried him to extremes, and sometimes to intolerance, the service he has rendered in compelling public men to face abuses, respectable from age, and injustice, sanctioned by tradition, has gained for him the place which he now worthily holds in the estimation of the country." Mr. Bright's straightforward and consistent course as a public man has been owing to the simplicity and single-eyed character of his aims, and to his generally antagonistic attitude to prevailing opinion. His own conception of his mission as a politician may be gathered from the concluding words of one of his speeches delivered in the House of Commons. "For twenty-five years I have stood before audiences—great meetings of my countrymen—pleading only for justice. During that time, as you know, I have endured measureless insult, and have passed through hurricanes of abuse. I need not tell you that my clients have not been generally the rich and the great, but the poor and the lowly. They cannot give me place and dignities and wealth, but honourable service in their cause yields me that which is of higher and more lasting value—the consciousness that I have laboured to expound and uphold laws, which, though they were

not given amid the thunders of Sinai, are not less the commandments of God, and not less intended to promote and secure the happiness of men."

Very many of the objects for which Mr. Bright so earnestly combated have been attained. Free-trade, when every political party was opposed to him, he advocated. Free-trade to the fullest extent has been adopted as the settled policy of the country. Reform based on rating—his own pet scheme—was carried by a Conservative Government. His views on the American war are now recognised as just, and of late there has been a marked approximation to his once unpopular opinions respecting the Eastern question. Many years since he demanded the ballot as a means of lessening electoral corruption. Election by ballot will probably soon be adopted, and to a large extent Mr. Bright's views as to education have been carried out in the Act recently passed. Here we may refer to an interesting circumstance which by another link connects Mr. Bright's name with that of Mr. Cobden. In July, 1859, in a discussion on financial policy in the House of Commons, Mr. Bright's speech, when it arrived in Paris, attracted the attention of M. Chevalier, the distinguished French economist. He wrote at once to Mr. Cobden, expressing his belief that a commercial treaty between France and England might be negotiated, and urged him to come to Paris during the autumn to make the attempt. Mr. Cobden went to Paris, having received the sanction of the leading members of the British Government, and sought an interview with the Emperor of the French. Negotiations were at once entered into, and the treaty of commerce with France was the result. Unhappily, the financial condition of France, arising out of the war, has rendered inevitable, if not the abrogation of the treaty, at least its modification in some important particulars.

The urgent necessity for ameliorative measures on behalf of a large mass of the population of this country was enforced by Mr. Bright in a speech at Edinburgh in 1868, on occasion of his being presented with the freedom of the city. It was truly a powerful, eloquent, and sympathetic appeal:—"It is a long way from Belgrave Square to Bethnal Green. We can't measure the distance from the palatial mansions of the rich to the dismal hovels of the poor, from the profuse and costly luxuries of the wealthy to the squalid and hopeless misery of some millions who are below them; but I ask you, as I ask myself a thousand times, is it not possible that this mass of poverty and suffering should be touched and should be reached? What is there that man can't do if he tries? The other day he descended to the mysterious depths of the ocean, and with an iron hand he sought, and he found, the lost cable, and with it he made two worlds into one. I ask, are his conquests confined to the realms of science? Is it not possible that another hand, not of iron, but of Christian justice and kindness, may be let down to moral depths even deeper than the cable fathoms, to bring up from thence Misery's sons and daughters and the multitude who are ready to perish? This is the great problem which is now before us. It is not one for statesmen only—it is not one for the preachers of the gospel only. It is one for every man in the nation to attempt to solve. The nation is now in power, and if wisdom abide with power, the generation to follow may behold the glorious day of which we in our time, with our best endeavours, can only hope to see the earliest dawn."

Mr. Bright has been termed the "tribune of the people," and his popularity with the masses has always been great; but he has obtained that popularity, not by the arts of the demagogue, but by his sincere and consistent advocacy of great reforms. The following extract from a speech made at Birmingham conveys much valuable truth, and cannot be too deeply pondered by those who seek in mere political change a cure for the ills of society:—

"It is a fact which every man should consider—and I have considered it often and often, with great solemnity and even with much pain, during the thirty years that I have been in the habit of discussing public questions—it is a fact that no government, that no administration, that no laws, that no amount of industry or commerce, that no extent of freedom, can give prosperity and solid comfort to the homes of the people unless there be in those homes economy, temperance, and the practice of virtue. This which I am preaching is needful for all, but it is specially needful—most needful in some respects—for those whose possessions are the least abundant and the least secure. If we could subtract from the ignorance, the poverty, the suffering, the sickness, and the crime which are now witnessed among us, the ignorance, the poverty, the suffering, the sickness, and the crime which are caused by one single but most prevalent bad habit or vice—the drinking needlessly of that which destroys body and mind, and home and family—do we not all feel that this country would be so changed, and so changed for the better, that it would be almost impossible for us to know it again? Let me, then, say what is upon my heart to say, what I know to be true, what I have felt every hour of my life when I have been discussing great questions affecting the condition of the working classes. Let me say this to all people—that it is by the combination of a wise government and a virtuous people, and not otherwise, that we may hope to make some step towards that blessed time when there shall be no longer complaining in our streets, when our garners shall be full, affording all manner of store."

At a reform meeting held in St. James's Hall in December, 1866, one of the speakers made an allusion to the Queen, and to the supposed absorption of her Majesty's sympathies in grief for her late husband, to the exclusion of sympathy for and with the people. Mr. Bright thus referred to the allusion of the speaker:—"I am not accustomed to stand up in defence of those who are possessors of crowns, but I could not sit here and hear that observation without a feeling of wonder and pain. I think there has been a great injustice done to the Queen in reference to her desolate and widowed position. And I venture to say this, that a woman, be she the queen of a great realm or the wife of one of your labouring men, who can keep alive in her heart a great sorrow for the lost object of her life and affections, is not at all likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy with you." Two years after this occurrence Mr. Bright consented to serve the Queen as a Minister of the Crown. The following account of Mr. Bright's reception by her Majesty on the occasion of his acceptance of office was given in the newspapers at the time:—"On Mr. Gladstone mentioning to the sovereign that he intended, with her permission, to offer a seat in the Cabinet to the honourable member for Birmingham, the Queen was pleased to say that it would afford her extreme satisfaction if Mr. Bright would consent to

serve the Crown, that she had read his speeches with much pleasure, and that she was under the greatest obligations to him for the many kind words he had spoken of her, especially for a speech he had made two years ago at a large meeting in St. James's Hall."

When Mr. Bright went to Windsor to take the oaths of office, her Majesty showed her delicate consideration for the great commoner in a very marked way. She sent Mr. Helps, the clerk to the Privy Council, to assure Mr. Bright, if it was more agreeable to his feelings to omit the ceremony of kneeling or kissing hands, he was quite at liberty to do so. Mr. Bright availed himself of this considerate permission, and was very kindly and cordially received by her Majesty, who took occasion, in the most marked manner, to express her gratification at meeting him.

It was afterwards intimated to Mr. Bright that her Royal Highness the Princess Royal of Prussia, then at Windsor, had expressed a desire that he should be presented to her. This was done, and the Princess heartily assured Mr. Bright that she had much desired to be acquainted with him, and that she herself and all the members of the royal family were greatly indebted to him for the way in which he had spoken of their mother. She herself, she said, had read all his speeches, and she was very pleased to see him. Mr. Bright was much impressed with the graceful and animated manners and genial greeting he had the honour to receive from the Princess Royal.

The active official career of the member for Birmingham was not of long continuance. An illness, similar to that from which he so long suffered fifteen years before, compelled his absence from the Board of Trade and from Parliament, and led him after a time to resign office. After a long and enforced retirement, Mr. Bright is now happily able to resume his parliamentary duties, and we are sure that the country at large, without respect of party, will hail his reappearance in the House of Commons; and, whether in or out of office, will gladly welcome his fervent and weighty utterances on the important matters of national debate.

J. H.

THE FIRST ROMAN PARLIAMENT.

II.

THE same enthusiasm which had attended the royal *cortège* on its way to the Parliament house was exhibited on its return. A perfect ovation was given to the King as he drove in the second of three grand state-coaches back to the Quirinale. Other royal carriages of less magnificence, but with state liveries, conveyed his civil and military attendants. The artisans of Rome, printers, workers in marble, workers in gold, carpenters, hair-dressers, tailors, and bakers, many of them emaciated-looking men, accompanied the King with banners bearing the remarkable words, "*For Romans, Country and Work*," with other similar inscriptions and devices, greeting him with the best cheer they were capable of, for as yet the Italians have not learned how to huzzah.

Arrived at the palace of the Quirinale, the King, with Prince Humbert on his right hand and the Prince Carignano on his left, made his appearance in the loggia, or balcony, in front of the palace, the

well-known Loggia of Benediction, as it was called in the papal days, and again, with evident emotion, he saluted the enthusiastic people.

As regards this particular balcony of benediction, it may truly be said that it is impossible for any man to be as great as his prayers; the spirit within him rises and expands so that in his sincerest heavenly aspirations he prophesies and goes beyond himself. Italians, therefore, remembered this day what Pío Nono probably forgot—how that twenty-six years ago, standing in this very loggia, newly elected to the pontificate, whilst the assembled populace, crowding this piazza, knelt at his feet, he carried his eyes to heaven and called upon the great God to bless Italy! That wish has providentially been met during these intervening years, and an instrument been raised up in the House of Savoy, influenced indirectly by Pío Nono himself, for according to the testimony of Charles Albert, the father of Victor Emmanuel, it was the Pope who urged him into that constitutional path of government which has now made his son the King of United Italy, with his seat of government in Rome. That which the House of Savoy has worked for, that which many a noble-hearted patriot has toiled for with tears, the shedding of blood, and even with life itself, is now accomplished. The dead skeleton has arisen as a living man, of which the once severed members, Lombardy, Venice, Tuscany, Naples, and many a lesser State, form the harmonious component parts, the heart of all being Rome. Yes, Rome, the once brave city, but for ages paralysed by priestly dominance, now pulsates with new life, which circulates round her through modern science, which has opened the tunnel of Mont Cenis and brought her into the most friendly relations with foreign powers. And now on this auspicious day, this 27th of November, 1871, how joy expresses itself through her whole being. Naples and other cities illuminate, and manysend telegrams of congratulation. "Memorable day!" says the telegram from Civita Vecchia, "God protects us, and favours us with a brilliant sun. Civita Vecchia, full of joy, sends to Rome, the mother of Italy, her affectionate salutations, her felicitations and good wishes."

If the Pope on this day could only have remembered his prayer of twenty-six years ago in the Loggia of Benediction—could only have forgotten himself in the welfare of his spiritual children, and rejoiced that he had lived to see the day when the things that belonged to Cæsar were given back to Cæsar, and he enabled to become a faithful steward of those which belonged to God! But this is expecting too much of human nature. Pío Nono is a pope who has exalted himself above all other popes, above all earthly kings, and has even endeavoured "to place himself on the very throne of God." But apart from this, it must be very mortifying to the natural man within him, that he who had formerly ridden through the streets with the multitude prostrate at his feet, now beholds it half out of itself with joy at the presence of a new ruler who has robbed him of his outward dominions, and left him only his spiritual power. But his faithful children, men and women, but principally women, did what they could on this most cruel day to console him. Long before it came, as soon indeed as its date was fixed, the utmost efforts were made to induce people to accept an audience of the Pope. Tickets were handed about most liberally, and even English ladies, converts, of

course, to the Romish Church, beat about on all sides for recruits. Catholic families forbade their servants even to look out into the crowded streets, especially at the preparations making for the occasion. At the very time when the King opened Parliament, and a number of young men stealing unseen into various of the campaniles rang the bells, a solemn procession of carriages, containing black-attired and veiled ladies, a sprinkling of gentlemen, and a good number of priests, took its way to the Vatican, and offered their addresses of condolence. They were moved to tears as the venerable old pontiff wept and deplored the evil days which it was his hard fate to witness, and they heard his protestation against the wicked wit of certain pictures exhibited in the shop windows, representing himself and the robber-king walking arm in arm. He poured out his sorrows in his finely modulated voice, and blessed them, and they departed, ready to testify to all the world that he is the most angelic and the most ill-used of men, robbed of all, a prisoner in the Vatican, and like the Saviour himself, wearing a crown of thorns—spiritual, of course.

But, alas! those of his children who were found faithful, and carried him their tears and their condolence, were few in comparison with those who, avowing allegiance to him in their hearts, yet swam with the stream, and swelled the train of the hero of the day; some of these, converts to the Roman Church, were in the Chamber of the Deputies. Nay, even the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, who as pious Catholics had only three days before, and on their arrival, paid their respects to the Holy Father, were present at the King's triumph, not, it is true, in any very prominent position, but in the diplomatic circle with their Brazilian Ambassador.

The sunlit splendour of the day, the amenity of the air, the lofty blue dome of the heavens, over-arching the great city with that wonderful sense of infinitude peculiar to the Italian climate, the thousands of rejoicing people who were slowly pacing the decorated streets, kept us also abroad for hours. We were slowly wandering up the Corso about noon when we found a solid crowd at the entrance of a street crossing westward at right angles, preventing for the time further advance. All were gazing upwards into the bright blue sky, a dazzling strip of which was visible between the tall houses, and all were talking eagerly and excitedly of "the star," which had been visible ever since five o'clock in the morning, and was still clear, white and dazzling—a wonderful miracle—in the full blaze of noon. Numbers of people, like ourselves, asked where—where was the star to be seen? And numbers of hands were lifted, all in the same direction, pointing apparently to the same spot in the heavens. There it was! could we not see it? Thousands had seen it, and saw it still—white and dazzling, a miracle of beauty: the Star of Italy—God's sign in heaven that he blessed the day!

We walked on, and ever as we came to the openings of the western streets, still was gathered the same eager, wondering crowd, gazing upwards, more absorbed by the wonder in the heavens than by the festal decorations around them; and in every case it was the same,—the greater number could see only dazzling, blue, sunlit ether; whilst the five or the ten still beheld the star, white and beautiful, a token in the heavens, the Star of Italy!

I, who confess to a natural love of the marvellous,

would have been right glad to see it, and strained my eyes to the utmost for that purpose; but my eyes were no longer young or strong, and only the infinite blue dazzling ether was visible. Sceptics there were; many, who believed in nothing, declared it to be only excited fancy, or a little fire balloon, and so walked on in pitying scorn, regardless of assurance from a right or left hand neighbour that their father, or daughter, or some friend whose word was truth itself, had seen it bright and distinct, a star, a wonderful star, three or four hours before. Nor was the suggestion of others, that it was only Venus, the morning star, which now set late, that had created all this stir, received with more regard. No, it was a star given for the occasion; again, the finger of God lifted in blessing, a miracle, the "Star of Italy" revealed in the heavens, and all wondered and were glad.

And they were right, in so far as here was a wonderful coincidence, to say the least of it. That this glorious morning star, the late setting of which is only of rare occurrence—a phenomenon in the heavens—should occur on this very day, should stand above the Eternal City on the morning, as it were, of her regeneration, shining out pure, and clear, and white, scarcely dimmed by the rising of the sun, and so beam out, like a celestial sign, through the blue infinitude even at noonday, was a noteworthy fact. Well might the people say with reverence, "Il dito di Dio." Was not yonder, in the very line of the star, Monte Maino, from the heights of which Constantine beheld the sign in heaven, the glorious cross under which he from that time conquered as a Christian? and now, in this new birth of Rome, wherefore should not the Star of Italy reveal itself in heaven?

True, the coincidence was remarkable, if we will not regard it as the finger of God. The preceding day was cloudy, and no star could have been seen had it been there; and on the day following neither at noonday nor at dawn was it visible. The papalini journals denied it altogether, stating it merely to be one of the lying wonders of the day. In the Roman popular mind, however, it remains as a sign to Italy of the approbation of Heaven.

Of the illumination itself I need not say much. The extraordinary magnificence of the whole, and the fairy-like loveliness of many of the designs, produced the effect of scenes from a celestial city; add to which the clear beauty of the night, with the moon, then nearly at full, sailing high in the deep blue firmament, and scarcely dimmed by the splendours below, and heaven and earth seemed this day wholly in unison. The admirable arrangements, too, of the municipality increased the satisfaction of all who were then abroad, and they could only be numbered by tens of thousands. No carriages were allowed to enter the illuminated parts of the city from five o'clock till ten, so that the mass of the people might have uninterrupted enjoyment of this great national day; and at the same time orders being given that the immense crowd should move up on one side of the street and down the other, all jostling and inconvenience was avoided. Men, women, and children, fathers with their little ones on their shoulders, moved through the fairy-land show without annoyance to each other. From ten to twelve, carriages were admitted.

The day was perfect; so was the evening; and long and deservedly will the twenty-seventh of November, 1871, be remembered as one of the great days of regenerated Italy.

MARY HOWITT.

A MIDLAND TOUR.

V.—BIRMINGHAM NOTABLES.

BEFORE I leave Birmingham, let me briefly recall some of the notable names connected with its history.

In Matthew Boulton we have the foremost, and the very type of Birmingham men. He was born there in 1728, the son of a steel manufacturer. While yet very young, his father died: Matthew undertook the business, carried it on successfully, and extended it by the establishment of the famous Soho, which turned Handsworth Heath from a barren moor into a populous village. At the rearing feast of that great manufactory he said (and his speech was characteristic, and is worth quoting), "May this establishment be ever prosperous; may no misfortune ever happen to it; may it give birth to many useful arts and inventions; may it prove beneficial to mankind, and yield comfort and happiness to all who may be employed in it. As the smith cannot do without his striker, so neither can the master do without his workmen. Let each perform his part well, and all do their duty in that state to which it hath pleased God to call them." Alluding to the erection of those extensive premises, in the depth of winter, without loss of life or serious accident, he added, "Let us chant hallelujahs in our hearts for this blessing, and with our voices, like loyal subjects, sing, God save great George our King!" Many are the manufactures Boulton originated and improved. He gave Watt, with whom he entered into partnership, that

moral as well as material support which Watt, with all his genius, so greatly needed; and, in conjunction with him, made so many improvements in the steam-engine as to constitute it almost a new invention, and associate their names inseparably, and for ever, with it. In conjunction, too, with Watt, Boulton greatly improved the national coinage, which was very poor and defective, and supplied the principal mints of the world with coining machinery. Smiles says "he was a noble, manly man, a true leader of men; lofty-minded, intelligent, energetic, and liberal; he was one of those who constitute the life blood of a nation, and give force and dignity to the national character." He died at Soho in 1809.

With Boulton, as we have said, Watt will ever be associated. He first came to Birmingham in 1773-4, and to his alliance with Boulton and with Birmingham, the world is indebted for the steam-engine. It owes him, too, many minor but valuable inventions. His statue, to which we have already alluded, was erected in Birmingham some years since. He lies buried in the same church with Boulton at Handsworth, near the famous manufactory. In association with Boulton and Watt we must mention George Barker, the friend and confidential adviser of both. To him Birmingham is largely indebted for its railways, for the success of many of the institutions which do honour to this his native town, and, generally, for his zeal

in the promotion of the arts, manufactures, and sciences.

Birmingham is intimately associated with the name and earlier history of Samuel Johnson. While yet a young man, and living at Lichfield, he frequently walked to Birmingham and back again. After resigning his ushership he lived six months at Birmingham with his old schoolfellow and friend, Mr. Hector, made some valuable acquaintances there (among others that of Mr. Porter, whose widow he afterwards married), and produced there some of his first essays, which were printed in a Birmingham newspaper; there his translation of Lobo's *Voyage to Abyssinia—his first book*—was printed; and there, for awhile, he afterwards settled. He visited it again, as it would seem, for the last time, in 1776, at the age of 67, when, says Bozzy, "we walked about the town, and he was pleased to see it increasing."

John Baskerville was born in 1706. He came while a youth to Birmingham, engaged in business there, made a fortune, and then, with a passionate fondness for letters, and a fine artistic taste, turned his attention to type-founding, making it his ambition to produce the most beautiful fount possible. He expended £600 before he could satisfy himself with a single letter, and thousands before he found any profit. But he succeeded. He brought the art of typography to a perfection before unknown, "uniting in a singularly happy manner the elegance of Platin with the clearness of the Elzevirs." "In 1758," says Timmins, "he published his magnificent edition of Virgil, and this was followed by a series of classics, which have deservedly enjoyed, not merely a European, but a world-wide, fame. Wherever the art of printing is admired, and its choicest works are collected, there the Birmingham printed works of John Baskerville find a high and honourable place. Not only did he design and cast his unrivalled type, but he made his own paper, prepared his own ink, worked his own presses, and probably bound some of his own books. Great as the triumphs of the art of printing have been, and numerous as are the laurels which Birmingham has won, there are few nobler chapters in its history than those which record how a century ago, in a material and commercial age, John Baskerville made that town famous throughout the civilised world for the production of the best and greatest works of man, in a style which has rarely been equalled, and even now has never been surpassed." It is a strange and remarkable fact that the very type with which Baskerville's famous edition of the Bible was printed was, after his death, employed by the French, to whom it was sold, in the production of the works of Voltaire.

That would be a strange catalogue of Birmingham worthies from which the name of Joseph Priestley should be omitted. "No one," says Dr. Thomson, "ever entered on the study of chemistry with more disadvantages than Dr. Priestley, and yet few have occupied a more dignified station in it." Robert Hall terms him "the first philosopher in Europe." Though only resident for awhile in Birmingham, his name is inseparably associated with it as an experimental philosopher and a theological and political writer; a man of irreproachable moral character, remarkable for zeal for what he thought truth, for patience, and serenity of temper, and for fearlessness in proclaiming his convictions. He was less successful when he stepped out of his own walk of science into theological controversy. On this field

the discomfiture is epigrammatically recorded in the dictum of the great scholar Dr. Parr, who said "Horsley slew Priestley." At the moment we write, it is proposed to raise a statue of Priestley in the Midland Capital.

I have already alluded to William Hutton the famous historian of Birmingham. His life is a monument of industry and perseverance. Brought or rather dragged up in the most wretched poverty, and under the degrading influence of bad example, he at length found his way to Birmingham, opened a little shop there for the sale of old books—taught himself, and practised, binding, by-and-by saved a little money, increased his stock, took larger premises, and, notwithstanding some reverses, advanced from one step to another, till at length he became distinguished and wealthy. He was chosen a commissioner of the Court of Requests, attended it without emolument for nineteen years, and himself decided more than a hundred thousand cases! A selection of his decisions appeared in 1787, under the title of the "Court of Requests," and has been reprinted in a cheap form by Messrs. Chambers. They afford many admirable illustrations of the shrewdness, the logical power, the inflexible justice, and withal, the kind-heartedness, which characterised "rich-witted, quaint Hutton." At the age of fifty-six he began to write his *History of Birmingham*, and for thirty successive years produced book after book, till in his eighty-sixth year he completed his thirtieth work, being one for each year of his life as an author. For his "History of the Roman Wall," he, at the age of seventy-eight, made a journey of 600 miles on foot, in order personally to explore it. He died in 1815, at the age of ninety-two, a fine example of an honest man, and of the success attending resolute diligence. His "Autobiography" was published by his daughter. It has been said that in many particulars he deserves to be called "The English Franklin."

The name of Sir Rowland Hill stands distinguished among the benefactors of mankind, as the author of Penny Postage. Sir Rowland is of Birmingham origin, and was born in 1795. Commencing life as an assistant to his father, a schoolmaster in this neighbourhood, he by-and-by resigned that profession, and entered on a more public career. He applied himself to the study of our postal system; and, in 1837, published a pamphlet on the subject which at once arrested attention. It recommended a low and uniform rate of postage throughout the British islands; and prepayment in stamped labels, whereby the receipt and collection of postage would be rendered unnecessary. The public mind was taken captive by so admirable a proposal. We need not here follow the well-known history of Sir Rowland Hill, or attempt to enumerate his many postal reforms. A statue in his honour has lately been placed in the Birmingham Royal Exchange. Sir Rowland is of a talented family. His eldest brother, Matthew Davenport Hill, the well-known recorder of Birmingham, is distinguished for his labours in the cause of education and the reformation of criminals; and another brother, Mr. Frederick Hill, who is now assistant-secretary to the Post-office, was the first to enforce those humane principles on which modern prison discipline is founded, and his work "On Crime" is a standard authority for legislators.

Another philanthropist on the roll of Birmingham was the well-known Joseph Sturge. His ambition was to plead for the poor and the oppressed, and to

raise up the fallen. Liberty, Temperance, Peace, were the watchwords of his life; to these his heart, his money, his toil, were given. The untiring friend of the African slave, he was the constant friend also of our own poor, the kind instructor of Sunday-school children, the advocate of social virtue, the liberal supporter of numerous charities. He established and maintained at his own expense the first Reformatory in the Midland district; he gave acres of valuable land for a free playground for the working classes. His memorable visit to St. Petersburg, prior to the Crimean war, will be in the recollection of many. He went in company with Henry Pease of Darlington, and Robert Charleton of Bristol, as a deputation from the Society of Friends, to intercede with the Emperor Nicholas in the interests of peace. The town of Birmingham did well to erect a statue of Joseph Sturge, and to erect it where it stands, at the junction of five ways, smiling benevolently on all comers and goers, who, while thousands of them gain their living by the manufacture of the implements of war, look up to him with reverence when they pass, as the apostle of peace, brotherhood, and love. He died on the 14th May, 1859.

Another name familiar to many of my readers is that of John Angell James, a preacher from the age of seventeen to that of seventy-four, and one of the most popular of his time—the writer of no less than eighty distinct publications, and specially of “The Anxious Enquirer,” which has passed through innumerable editions in England and America, and has been translated into French, German, Spanish, and other continental tongues—and a willing associate with all classes in every good work. For more than fifty years—from 1805 to about 1859—he occupied the pulpit of Carr’s Lane Chapel in Birmingham, a chapel which was twice enlarged to meet the increase in his congregation. His successor, the Rev. R. W. Dale, occupies a prominent position as a leader among Nonconformists. Here also may be mentioned a name still revered by many in Birmingham and elsewhere, the Rev. Samuel Pearce, sometimes called “the seraphic Pearce,” one of the founders of the Baptist Missionary Society.

The special attention of the Christian public in England has of late years been much directed to “The Million.” Among the leaders in those movements for the benefit of the people which so peculiarly characterise our times, the name of Dr. J. O. Miller, late rector of Birmingham (now vicar of Greenwich and canon of Worcester), stands distinguished. On his appointment, in 1846, to the rectory of St. Martin’s—the mother-church of the Midland metropolis (the incumbency of which had been specially appropriated by trust-deed to men eminent for piety and zeal)—he at once sought to interest his congregation in the welfare of the poor of the neighbourhood by calling on them to raise an annual collection of £100 for their use; he soon after established in Birmingham one of the first Working Men’s Associations, with library, news-room, reading-room, and Bible-classes (and hence sprang the Working Men’s Parochial Mission, an institution of great local importance); he began in Birmingham those “special services” which now form so important a feature in our national churches. To him also is due the establishment of the Annual Collection on one Sunday in the year for the benefit of the local medical charities, to which we have already alluded.

Many other distinguished men whose names are

familiar to the world are or have been connected with Birmingham. Francis Cary, the most popular translator of Dante, who was fitly buried in Poets’ Corner, was a native of Birmingham; Dr. Milner, the celebrated Roman Catholic controversial historian, author of “The End of Religious Controversy,” was partly educated at Edgbaston, hard by; and Dr. Newman, after his secession from the Church of England, introduced here from Rome a branch of the Congregation of the Oratory founded by St. Philip Neri, and resided here as head of the Oratory till 1852, when he was appointed rector of the new Roman Catholic University at Dublin. The Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, Regius professor of Greek, at Cambridge, president of the Royal College of Preceptors, and author of numerous classical school-books, was born at Birmingham, being a son of the late Rev. Rann Kennedy, incumbent of St. Paul’s, Birmingham, and author of “The Reign of Youth,” and other poems, who, in conjunction with another son of his, Charles Rann Kennedy, himself a native of Birmingham and a distinguished scholar, published a new translation of Virgil. Among other well-known names associated with Birmingham, I can but mention the Rev. W. Linwood, author of a Lexicon to Æschylus, editor of the Plays of Sophocles; Dr. Thomas Ragg, author of “Creation’s Testimony to its God,” “Deity,” and other poems; the Rev. Henry Rogers, author of “The Eclipse of Faith,” and many other able works, till recently professor of philosophy at Spring Hill College; the Rev. J. G. Cumming, who holds a post in the Queen’s College; Dr. H. A. Holden, the editor of Aristophanes, and translator of other classical works; and the Rev. J. B. Marsden, author of “The Early and Latter Puritans,” etc. The late Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Jeune, and Dr. Lee, late Bishop of Manchester, the head master of King Edward’s School from 1834 to 1844. Dr. Ash, the founder and president of the famous Eumelian Club, who was also the founder of the Birmingham General Hospital, and of the Birmingham Musical Festivals, resided and practised here; and Dr. Nott, an elegant poet and scholar of the last century, here studied surgery; Dr. John Johnstone, the intimate friend and biographer of the renowned Dr. Parr, was more than forty years a physician at Birmingham; and Dr. James Johnstone, author of the “Therapeutic Arrangement and Syllabus of the Materia Medica,” and the “Discourse on the Phenomena of Sensation,” was physician to the Birmingham General Hospital. Another eminent physician, Sir Andrew Halliday, whose modest memoir on the West Indies is replete with interesting and instructive information, and author of other important professional works, was at one time in practice here. Here Dr. Withering, the botanist, also practised as a physician.

Professor James Buckman, formerly curator of the Birmingham Philosophical Institution, is well known for his many scientific writings, and his Model Farm in Dorsetshire. Joseph Beete Jutes, who was born near Birmingham, and partly educated in King Edward’s School, was the author of the “Geology of the South Staffordshire Coal Field,” and other works. There is also Henry Noel Humphries, author of “The Parables of our Lord,” “British Butterflies and their Transformations,” and many other valuable and beautiful works on Scripture, Natural History, Coinage, etc., as well as general literature, who was born at Birmingham in 1810. We may further mention the eminent and the well-

known engineer and mental calculator, Mr. George P. Bidder, the wonderful "calculating youth" of bygone days, who, gaining the acquaintance and confidence of George Stephenson, and adopting the profession in which he has become so distinguished, came to be one of the chief promoters of electric telegraphy in England, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, etc. We must include, too, William Sands Cox, who is not only a distinguished medical practitioner and writer, but also the Founder of the Queen's College and the Queen's Hospital in this his native town—the former being an institution which "claims the high honour, through his indomitable perseverance and self-sacrificing exertions, of being the first to initiate measures for the supply of those wants which beset the medical student in large towns during his attendance in the lecture-room and the hospital, viz., collegiate residence, collegiate discipline, and preliminary instruction in classical literature, mathematics, and the modern languages." To carry out the design of the founder, his friend the Rev. Dr. Warneford contributed upwards of £25,000, part of which was expended in the purchase of the freehold site, in the erection of chambers, common hall, chapel, consecrated and endowed lecture-rooms, chemical laboratory, museum, anatomical room, library, etc. The course of study qualifies, without residence elsewhere, for the usual degrees.

Many other names I must unwillingly omit from lack of space, but mention must be made of Mr. George Dawson, the popular lecturer, who has rendered important services to the Midland Institute. I must also name Mr. Samuel Timmins, editor of the "Industrial History of Birmingham and the Midland Hardware District," which comprehends a series of reports on all the principal trades of Birmingham and its neighbourhood, collected by the British Association Local Industries Committee, of which Mr. Timmins was chairman.

Let me conclude this chapter with Josiah Mason—one of those "self-made men" of whom there are so many on our roll—who, from a very poor boy, has risen to be an eminent Birmingham manufacturer, and to yet greater distinction as a Christian philanthropist. Born at Kidderminster, and commencing business there by cake-selling in the streets, he acquired, through the diligent use of opportunity, a practical knowledge of several callings, and at length came to Birmingham, where he engaged in the jewellery and gilt toy trades, by-and-by entered the split-ring manufacture, succeeded Mr. Harrison, the inventor of split-rings, in his establishment, and was led to commence the manufacture of the celebrated "Perryian" steel pen, which, after more than thirty years, he continues to make for the inventor, and of which, indeed, Mr. Mason is the sole manufacturer. In 1842 he entered into partnership with Mr. G. R. Elkington (the founder of the firm of Elkington and Co.), for carrying out the then newly-discovered process of electro-plating, of which now very important business they, and especially Mr. Mason, may be said to have laid the foundation. He subsequently made arrangements with Mr. Elkington and with Mr. Parkes (Elkington's chief chemist) for the establishment of copper-works at Pembrey, a place which has thus been converted from an obscure hamlet into a flourishing town. He also became chairman of the Birmingham Banking Company, an association of much importance to the Midland capital. Amid all

these exertions his motto has ever been, "*Do deeds of love.*" And the last great effort of his life has been the establishment of an Orphanage for Children and of Almshouses for Aged Women—two large and admirable institutions, every detail of which he has himself carefully planned, which he has put into working order, and which he has so provided for, that no other aid will ever be necessary for their permanent support. The erection of the Orphanage cost him £60,000, and its endowment £200,000. It has been proposed to erect a statue of Mr. Mason in Birmingham.

Varieties.

SLAVERY.—When we reach Baltimore, we are in the regions of slavery. It exists there, in its least shocking and most mitigated form; but there it is. They whisper, here (they dare only whisper, you know, and that below their breaths), that on that place, and all through the South, there is a dull gloomy cloud on which the very word seems written. I shall be able to say, one of these days, that I accepted no public mark of respect in any place where slavery was;—and that's something.—*C. Dickens's Life.*

PNEUMATIC POSTAL DESPATCH.—Mr. Frederick Gye, director of the Royal Italian Opera, claims to be the originator of the conveyance of letters by pneumatic tubes. In a letter to the "Times," he said:—"I have long believed, and still believe, that eventually letters will be conveyed to all the principal cities in England by these means; indeed, I think I may claim to have been the originator of the system, for many years ago I proposed that the letters, instead of being forwarded from the General Post Office to the chief West End offices by omnibuses or accelerators, as they were called, should be sent through pneumatic tubes by atmospheric pressure. My proposal was published in the 'Builder' newspaper of December 15, 1855, but I had privately proposed the same scheme several years before that time."

EDUCATIONAL TRAINING.—It is not of so much importance what you learn at school as how you learn it. At school a boy's business is not simply or mainly to gain knowledge, but to learn how to gain it. His time at school has not been misspent, even if he carries away a very scanty store of actual facts in history, or literature, or physical science. If in his school-days you cram his head with such facts beyond what are merely elementary, you are very apt to addle his brains and to make a little prig or pedant of him, incapable from self-conceit of much further progress afterwards.—*Mr. Hookham Frere.*

PITT'S COLDNESS OF MANNER.—No one who really knew Pitt intimately would have called him cold. A man who is Prime Minister at twenty-six cannot carry his heart on his sleeve, and be "Hail, fellow! well met!" with every Jack, Tom, and Harry. Pitt's manner, by nature as well as by habit and necessity, was in public always dignified, reserved, and imperious; but he had very warm feelings, and had it not been for the obligations of the official position which lay on him almost throughout his whole life, I believe he might have had nearly as many personal friends as Fox.—*Memoir of H. Frere.*

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.—The population amounts to 38,555,983; the increase, in spite of the Civil War, having been seven millions in the preceding ten years, against eight millions in the decenniad ending in 1860. The whole population is free. The foreign-born population, including a large proportion of British-born, exceeds five and a half millions; and the proportion has increased in the two decennials.

PRINTING.—The "Boston (Massachusetts) Post," having completed its fortieth year, reviews its life and times, and in doing so says that when the first number of the "Post" was published on November 9, 1831, 300 sheets an hour was the largest number its "fast" press could deliver, and now the "printing machines" can throw off from twenty to thirty thousand. This difference in the facility of mechanical execution is cited as a type of the revolution that has occurred in all branches of industry.